



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

Original Letter.

Mrs. David L. Gregg to Miss Susan Enos, of Springfield, Illinois. Dated Carribean Sea, October 15, 1853.

Mrs. David L. Gregg was Rebecca Eads, daughter of Hon. Abner Eads, of Galena, and was married in Chicago to David L. Gregg, Secretary of the State of Illinois, September 1, 1850.

David L. Gregg, lawyer and Secretary of State, emigrated from Albany, New York, and began the practice of law at Joliet, Illinois, where, in 1839, he also edited "The Juliet Courier," the first paper established in Will County. From 1842 to 1846 he represented Will, DuPage and Iroquois Counties in the Thirteenth and Fourteenth General Assemblies; later removed to Chicago, after which he served for a time as United States District Attorney. In 1847 was chosen one of the delegates from Cook County to the State Constitutional Convention of that year, and served as Secretary of State from 1850 to 1853, as successor to Horace S. Cooley, who died in office the former year.

In the Democratic State Convention of 1852 Mr. Gregg was a leading candidate for the nomination for Governor, though finally defeated by Joel A. Matteson; served as Presidential elector for that year, and in 1853 was appointed by President Pierce commissioner to the Sandwich Islands; still later, for a time acting as the minister or adviser of King Kamehamaha IV, who died in 1863.

Returning to California, he was appointed by President Lincoln Receiver of Public Moneys at Carson, Nevada, where he died December 23, 1868.

CARRIBEAN SEA, October 15, 1853.

DEAR SUE: I promised to write you after we crossed the Isthmus, but I learn that the mail will be on this side, ready to start back as soon as this steamer arrives. We have had a delightful trip so far—no storms—the ocean just as smooth

as the Mississippi River—we were all sick the first day—and it is the meanest kind of sickness, I assure you. You feel as though you had cast up your last accounts and closed your books for good. We have Colonel Ward, Consul to Panama, and Mr. Fletcher, Consul to Aspinwall, both very pleasant, gentlemanly men—but Ward especially. We have a missionary and his wife, bound for Oregon. He was exceedingly polite to me the first day, and finally asked me if my husband was a missionary—thought, of course, he must be, as he was going to the Sandwich Islands. We have a company of theatricals also on board—some of them exceedingly rude, others seem to be perfect ladies. There are seven hundred passengers in all, and such a time as we have to get something to eat. We are all numbered, and unless you go as soon as the bell rings, and begin to eat, you cannot get anything at all. For several days we have had very poor fare, and yesterday the captain discovered that the waiters were in the habit of stealing the pies and selling them to the steerage passengers, making quite a speculation for themselves. We have had no deaths on board. Had one birth, which created a great deal of excitement amongst the passengers, both gentlemen and ladies. The day after it was born it was brought up in the saloon and christened “Gustavus Ohio Nelson,” after the captain and the steamer. It amused me to see how much interest the gentlemen took in the little stranger—quite as much as the ladies did. She was poor, and only had money enough to carry her to California. It was impossible for her to cross the Isthmus in her condition; so the captain started a subscription and raised one hundred and twenty-eight dollars for her, and when we arrived at Kingston he placed her under the care of the American Consul until the next steamer arrives. She will then be able to go on. The captain is one of the best men I ever knew, and his kindness to that poor woman will never be forgotten by the passengers on this steamer. He intended at first to bear all the expenses himself, but the gentlemen on board would not let him. She had not one thing to put on her babe. I had two suits of Charlie’s that I gave her.

There was great rejoicing when we got in sight of land. The scenery as you are coming into Kingston is beautiful. All along the coast you see the palm and cocoanut trees—and

a great variety of all kinds. Before we landed at Kingston the negroes began to swim out to the boat and hold up their hands and say, "Please give me a dime, massa." A great many of the gentlemen threw money down, and they would watch where it went and then dive down and bring it up. While they were bringing in the coal for the boat, the passengers all went on shore. Then the negroes were standing as thick as bees, all holding out their hands—"Please give me a dime, massa—please give me a dime, misses"—and so it was, wherever you went, a halfdozen would offer to show you the curiosities of the town. I never saw such miserable, ragged, dirty beings in my life. The coal is carried on the boat by the women in tubs on their heads. Each one of these tubs weighs eighty pounds. They commenced carrying it in the morning and worked all day until ten o'clock at night, and only got three bits for all of that hard labor. Since the British came in possession of the island they emancipated the slaves. A gentleman told us—a resident of the island—before the slaves were free there were 30,000 white inhabitants in the city of Kingston, and now there are not more than two or three thousand. Since they are free they will not work, so that the plantations are nearly all abandoned. He said that there was wild coffee, just as good as any coffee in the world; they could pick and sell, but they will not do it. Some of them are educated, but the majority are poor, miserable creatures. Our negroes are gentlemen and ladies compared to these negroes. In the evening I rode out with Colonel Ward and Captain Fox. We visited the barracks and saw the darkies with the British uniform on—red jackets, white pants and black faces. They have very comfortable quarters. All of the buildings are of brick, fenced around with a high iron railing. While we were riding we passed a great many fences of cactus; they are the prettiest fences I ever saw, some of them ten feet high. Tell your mother she cannot imagine how beautiful the oleander is in its perfection, as it grows in this island; every variety of roses in bloom all the time. While we were riding we passed hundreds of fruit trees, all different kinds. The foliage here is perfectly beautiful. If it is as pretty and luxurious in the Sandwich Islands, I shall be perfectly satisfied. Some of the oranges are larger than the largest apples I ever saw; they are delicious here; and the

bananas are as long again here as they are in the States. They are pulled green. They have a fruit between the orange and the lemon, called lime; it makes fine lemonade. There seems to be no end to the different kinds of fruit. The missionary's wife wears the bloomer dress. When she went on shore the natives all got after her and wanted to know of her husband if she was his daughter. It afforded a great deal of amusement to the passengers to see them running to the boat and the natives after them, laughing and singing out, "Hurrah for the Stars and Stripes!" All I regret is that some of our abolitionists cannot see these negroes. If Mrs. Stowe was here and could see what English philanthropy has done, she could write another book. There are a great many English families—very agreeable, indeed. They invited a great many of the ladies in to rest, as they passed along, and passed cake and wine and fruits of different kinds. The grapes are very fine here, but are very expensive. They are three times as large as our grapes and the seeds one-quarter as large.

You will find some trouble to read this—the boat shakes so, and besides that, I am writing on my lap; so you must excuse so many blots. I shall expect an answer to this as soon as you get it. Do not neglect to write. You know I am agoing amongst strangers, and if they are pleasant it will be some time before I can feel at home. It seems a long time since I left you all, but I hope I shall return some time—Springfield will always be dear to me, as my little babe* is buried there. When I think of him, there is not one of you but passes through my mind at the same time.

Give my love to Agnes. I would be glad to hear a good account of her, if she has proved herself worthy of it. Give my best love to all my friends, and when you write be sure and tell me all the news. It is so dark I can scarcely see. Give my best love to all your family—to your mother especially. Be sure and write me if Agnes is still with your sister.

R. GREGG.

*Charles Gregg buried in Oak Ridge cemetery, Springfield.